

DELL
COMIC

NO. 411

10¢

Walt Disney's
Davy Crockett
INDIAN FIGHTER



ILLUSTRATION BY JIMMY GARDNER

COVER AND SPINE BY GARDNER



DAVY CROCKETT

Legends of the American frontier are still vigorous and young. The adventurous deeds of our heroic ancestors in this country are a vital portion of American lore and will live forever in its colorful history. This is a story about one of those valiants whose fame shines brightly on the horizons of our early frontiers. This is a story about Davy Crockett.

Walt Disney: DAVY CROCKETT, INDIAN FIGHTER No. 481. Published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. 381 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Adam P. Delacorte, Vice-President; Ralph Rosen, 10, rue de la Paix, Paris, 19, France. Copyright 1955, by Walt Disney Productions. All rights reserved throughout the world. Distributed abroad. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS









THE WARD'S LOUD SHOUTS AND THE BEEBEE OF THE CHILDREN BROKE THE SPELL. THE BEAR TOOK LEAF INTO THE UNDERBUSH...



I PULLED OUT MY KNIFE AND TOOK AFTER THE BEAR.



I TRIED TO BUSTLE THE CUTTER DOWN, BUT HE WAS
 AHEAD THERE & WATCH FOR ME. HE LIFTED ME OFF
 THE GROUND AND FLUNG ME OUT OF THE THicket.



I HAD STUNNED FOR A MINUTE BY
 THE BLOW, BUT MY SENSES CAME
 BACK AND I WENT BACK AFTER
 THAT GRIMLY BEAR!



THE CUTTER MOVED AN SO HARD, HE
 ALMOST CRASHED MY BONES. I FOUGHT
 WITH ALL MY MIGHT TO FREE MY
 MYSELF FROM HIM!



THE NOISE HAS STOPPED!
 THE FIGHT'S OVER! THE
 BEAR HAS KILLED HIM!

AIN'T NO BAD
 LIVING! CAN GET THE
 BEST O' DAVEY
 CROCKETT!



I CAN'T
 BELIEVE IT!

THAT BEAR WAS A
 TOUGH TOUGH
 SCRAPPER!









COULD HE COME TO A
SECTION OF JUNGLELAND...



WE'RE STOPPING HERE, CROCKETT! I REFUSE
TO RISK THE DANGERS OF THIS JUNGLE! HE
CAN FIND A WAY AROUND!

YOU'LL RISK WORSE DANGERS WITH
THE CREWS IF YOU STAY BEHIND!
NAJOS! HE AN EUSSEL ARE
GON' THIS WAY!



THE NAJOS DECIDED THAT RIDING
THROUGH THE JUNGLE WORTH OF HIS
SINCE THEY RIDING THROUGH
THE FOREST...

FORWARD,
NAJOS!



LATE IN THE AFTERNOON, HE POSE INTO A LITTLE
CLEARING IN THE FOREST. THERE WAS PLANTS OF
FRESH CROCKERY, EVEN A TROOP, WITH THE BARRIS
WELL BEAT...



LOOKS LIKE A FAIR SPEED WAS PROBABLY
PASSED TWO MEN AND NOT LONG AGO!





RED PEED DEEP INTO MOUNTAIN COUNTRY! AT DUSK, HE SAW A GOOD-PAID INDIAN WOLF PARTY, MOVING OVER A PASS IN A DIRECTION OPPOSITE...



THEY'RE CREEKS, ALL RIGHT! DUCKED OUT IN THEIR WAR PAINT AND FEATHERS!

WE'LL GO ON FOOT FROM HERE! THE HORSES WILL BE SAFE IN THIS THicket!

LISTEN, DAVE! SOMETHING'S MOVING THIS WAY!



RED CROUCHED IN THE THicket WHILE A CREEK WOLF PARTY PASSED CLOSE TO OUR HIDE-PLACE! THE LEADER WAS THE YOUNG CHIEF, CHIEF RED STICK, A BRAVING AND BOLD AND BOLD MAN!



RED HELD OUR BREATH TILL THE CREEKS HAD DISAPPEARED IN THE FOREST.



ARE YOU SURE THAT WAS RED STICK, DAVE?

IT'S GOOD TO BE SURE! THE CREEKS ONLY HAVE ONE YOUNG CHIEF! WE'LL TALK 'EM - SEE WHERE THEY'RE GOING!

RED TURNED TO RIGHT AND THE MOON CAME OUT AS WE FOLLOWED THE TRAIL OF RED STICK'S WOLF PARTY...



ARE YOU SURE? HEARD 'EM? MUST BE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS RIDGE!

ALMOST WE CAN SEE WHAT'S GOING ON FROM THE TOP OF THIS HILL!

FROM THE HILLTOP, WE LOOKED DOWN ON A BIG WAR CAMP! THE CREEK HORRORS WERE MEETING IN ONE HUGE WAR PARTY! RED STICK WAS WHIPPING THEM INTO A FURIOUS FURY MEANT DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO THE WHITE MEN!

I RECKON WE'VE FOUND
THAT OLD HORROR-FACE
SENT US TO LOOK FOR!



CAN YOU UNDERSTAND
WHAT RED STICK'S
SAYIN', DAVE?

NO, BUT IT DOESN'T
LOOK GOOD! WE GOT TO
FIND THE RAJES FAST!
—AND TAKE THE WORD
TO THE GENERAL!
COME ON!



LET ME STARTED LOOPY THE HILLSIDE, THE
DRUMS AND SHAWING BEW LONDER
AND HILDER...



SCARPEY AFTER DAWN, WE MOVED INTO THE
CLEARING WHERE MAJOR MORTON HAD
ORDERED US TO MEET HIM! BUT THERE WAS
NO SIGN OF THE MAJOR AND HIS MEN...



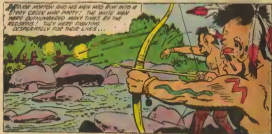
THE SUDDEN SOUND OF GLASSING BACK
THE EARLY MORNING STILLNESS...

SCARPEY! THEY CAME
FROM THAT WAY!

MUST BE THE MAJOR!
LET'S GO!



MAJOR MORTON AND HIS MEN HAD RUN INTO A
STONY CREEK AND DIED! THE MAJOR MEN
HAD COMBATED MANY TIMES BY THE
MAJORS! THEY WERE FIGHTING
DESPERATELY FOR THEIR LIVES...



THE MAJOR FIGHT BRIVELY
BUT HOPELESSLY...



SOUNDS LIKE THE
MAJORS REALLY
GOOT HIMSELF IN
TRUBLE! WHAT
WE GOIN TO DO?

WE'LL SURROUND EM
AND GIVE EM THE OLD
CROCKETT CHARGE!



GEORGE AND ALF SEPARATED AND POSE TOWARD THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS, SHOUTING AS LOUD AS HE COULD.



THE OLD CROCKETT CURRIE WORKED.
HE KISSING THOUGHT THEY WERE SURROUNDED
AND MET A HOSTY DEFENSE.

FORWARD, MEN!
FIRE!!

COMPANY B!
FORWARD
ON THE RUN!!



GEORGE AND ME CAME OUT FROM COVER AND
WATCHED SCENE THE ASSAULT...









THE SURPRISED REDS
MET OUR CHARGE WITH
ROARINGS AND ARROWS.
IT WAS A FURIOUS BATTLE THAT
TURNED INTO A SCOUT FOR
RED STICK'S WARRIORS.



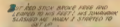
SOME OF THE CHIEFS MADE A BREAK FOR
THE FOREST! BUT THEY WERE DRIVEN
BACK BY A BLAST OF GUNFIRE FROM
CAPTAIN CALDWELL'S MEN!



**FIRST BANG FIRE! FALL
BACK AND RE-LOAD!
SECOND BANG FIRE!**

RED STICK LEAPED FROM PLACE TO PLACE,
TRYING TO HALT HIS RAVENING WARRIORS...





... THEN, AS RED STICK RUSHED AWAY TO JOIN HIS
WARRIORS, ANOTHER REDSKIN ATTACKED!



WHEN MY HEAD CLEAVED, I SAW RED STICK LEADING HIS MEN IN A CHARGE ON MAJOR MORTON'S POSITION IN THE FOREST. ...



THE BLOODS DROPPED FLAT ON THE GROUND AS ALL THE ARROWS FIRED AT THE SAME TIME ...

HOLD FIRE!
AND RE-LOAD!



RED STICK SAW HIS CHANCE TO ESCAPE! HE ORDERED HIS WARRIORS TO CHARGE WHILE MORTON'S MEN WERE RE-LOADING ...



MORTON AND HIS MEN STOOD HELPLESSLY, HOLDING THEIR UNLOADED RIFLES, WHILE RED STICK AND HIS WARRIORS BROKE THROUGH THEM AND ESCAPED INTO THE FOREST! THE BATTLE WAS OVER!



FROM THE HILLTOP, GRAYL JACKSON SAW RED STICK'S ESCAPE! HE WAS FURIOUS!



THAT FOOL HORTON
LET THE RED-SKINNED
BRUIN GET AWAY!

BLOW ASSEMBLY! WE'LL BURY
THE DEAD AND TEND THE WOUNDED.
THEN WE'LL MOVE ON TO A NEW
CAMPGITE!



WHEN THE NEW CAMP WAS SET UP, HE SEARCHED
THE COUNTRY, WAITING FOR SIGN OF RED STICK...



THE THREE GUYS WE
CAPTURED WANT TO
DISCUSS PEACE
TERMS... SIR!

PEACE...*WHAT?* HOW CAN
THAT BE PEACE WITH
RED STICK STILL ON
THE LOOSE?

I'M SURE
WE'LL CATCH
HIM SOON,
SIR!

DON'T TALK NONSENSE,
MAJOR! CATCHING RED
STICK IS LIKE RUNNING
DOWN A FOX IN A BRUSH
PATCH! THERE'S NOTHING
BETWEEN HERE AND THE
GULF OF MEXICO TO STOP
HIM!



WELL,
WHAT IS IT,
CROCKETT?

SCUSE ME, GENERAL! I JUST
DROPPED IN TO SAY GOOD-BYE!
I'M GOIN' HOME!



WHAT!?

YOU'RE GOING AFTER RED STICK
WITH THE BEST OF MY COMMAND!
THE WAR ISN'T OVER YET!

I AMN'T QUITTIN'
THE WAR, MAJOR! WE
AN' MY NEIGHBORS
WILL BE BACK
S'REGON!







I WALKED STRAIGHT INTO THOSE GUNS AND THE BOYS FOLLOWED ME. I WAS GAMBLING THAT NORTON COULDN'T MAKE HIMSELF GIVE THE COMMAND TO FIRE...



IT WAS A BIG GAMBLE...AND I WON!









I HEARD GEORGE'S SIGNAL WHISTLE AND TOOK THE SHORTEST CUT TO THE BEACH WHERE I LAST SAW HIM. I WAS WATCHING FOR DANGER ON SHORE SO I DID NOT SEE GEORGE IN THE WATER...



LUCKY FOR ME, I TURNED IN TIME TO CLIMB A BIG BULL TURTLE JUST BEFORE HE GOT ME...



I WANTED TO SWIM FAST... THERE I FOUND THE DRUMMED-HEAD AND SCUM OF FISHES THAT TOLD THE STORY OF THE ATTACK ON GEORGE...



I FOLLOWED THE FRESH TAIL OF THREE INDIANS PURSUING A FOURTH MAN. I KNEW GEORGE MUST BE ALIVE IF THEY WOULD HAVE LEFT HIM WHERE HE FELL...



LAST, I REACHED THE BEACH CAMP MOVEN DEEP IN THE SWAMPY FOREST...



SHOW ME THE MAN WHO
ARE THE OTHERS? YOU DID
NOT COME ALONE!

I CAME
ALONE!



CREEK WARRIORS!
HEAR ME!



WHEN I STEPPED OUT OF COVER, ONE REDSKIN
DROPPED HIS STOLEN ARMY RIFLE. ...



ANY MORE OF YOU WAGMANTS
THINK I'M NOT WORTH
LISTENIN' TO?

SPEAK,
WHITE MAN!



THE WHITE MEN WANT PEACE! WE FIGHT
BECAUSE YOU MADE WAR ON US! MANY
OF YOUR CHIEFS HAVE GIVEN UP ...
THEY FOUND OUT WAR'S NO GOOD!



WHITE MAN TALK LIKE
WAGMAN! SAY WAR NO
GOOD! BECAUSE WHITE
SOLDIERS ALL DIE!

CREEK WARRIORS
DIE, TOO! YOU COULD
ALL GO HOME IN
PEACE ... IF YOU'D
LISTEN TO REASON!



BUT YOU WON'T LISTEN ...
SO I BROOON I GOT TO
CHALLENGE YOU ACCORDIN'
TO INDIAN LAW! YOU AN'
WE'LL FIGHT IT OUT
ANY WAY YOU SAY!
HOW 'BOUT IT,
RED STICK?

WE FIGHT, WHITE
MAN ... WITH
POWAGAHNNA'S!

I WAS NO MATCH FOR RED STICK WITH TOMAHAWKS! MY ONE CHANCE WAS TO DEFEAT HIM AND GET AT HIM WITH MY BATTLE HORSE...



MY SACK THREW ONE TOMAHAWK AND MISSED OUR MARKS! ALL I COULD DO WAS DUCK AND STICK'S BLADES! HE PUNCHED ME BACK AND FORK...



THEN MY ANKLE HIT A ROCK AND I FELL...



I TRIED ONE LAST DESPERATE TRICK OF FRONTIER FIGHTING...



MY BOW JUMPED TO OUR FEET! I HAD NO WEAPON, SO I BACKED AWAY FROM RED STICK WHO WAS AID WITH FURY...



I DUCKED INTO A TREE AND HAD TO STOP! I THOUGHT I WAS DONE FOR, I DUCKED MY HEAD DOWN AND STICK STUCK AT ME. THE TOMAHAWK WENT INTO THE TREE TRUNK...





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THE CREEK WARRIOR

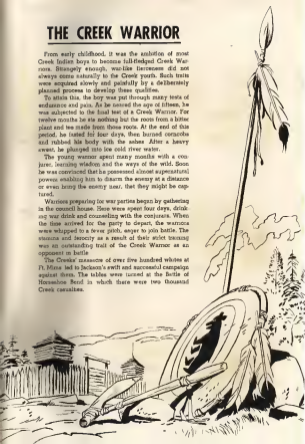
From early childhood, it was the ambition of most Creek Indian boys to become full-fledged Creek Warriors. Strangely enough, warlike tendencies did not always come naturally to the Creek youth. Such traits were acquired slowly and painfully by a deliberately planned process to develop these qualities.

To attain this, the boy was put through many tests of endurance and pain. As he neared the age of fifteen, he was subjected to the final test of a Creek Warrior. For twelve months he ate nothing but the roots from a bitter plant and tea made from those roots. At the end of this period, he fasted for four days, then burned cornucobs and rubbed his body with the ashes. After a heavy sweat, he plunged into ice cold river water.

The young warrior spent many months with a conjurer, learning wisdom and the ways of the wild. Soon he was convinced that he possessed almost supernatural powers enabling him to disarm the enemy at a distance or even bring the enemy near, that they might be captured.

Warriors preparing for war parties began by gathering in the council house. Here were spent four days, drinking war drink and counseling with the conjurers. When the time arrived for the party to depart, the warriors were whipped to a fever pitch, eager to join battle. The stamina and ferocity as a result of their strict training was an outstanding trait of the Creek Warrior as an opponent in battle.

The Creeks' massacre of over five hundred whites at Ft. Mims led to Jackson's swift and successful campaign against them. The tribes were turned at the Battle of Horseshoe Bend in which there were two thousand Creek casualties.



The CREEK INDIAN TERRITORY

KENTUCKY

* NASHBORO

MISSISSIPPI

MISSISSIPPI

HONOLULU BEND

MISSISSIPPI

FORT
MIN.

MISSISSIPPI

MISSISSIPPI

GULF
OF MEXICO

